

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Cousin Martha

By RUTH SPENCER

It was because Henry Lane had had no social connections in New York, that he had been taken so quickly and completely into the pleasure-loving, fox-trotting young married set of which Mrs. Blair Drew was undisputed leader. Henry Lane was not especially young nor was he married, nor did he care for fox-trotting; but, being of a sociable disposition, he accepted the invitations he received and responded now and then with a dinner at his hotel to square his obligations. Six months before he had come to New York, as partner in a brilliant engineering project with Blair Drew, his ample capital as well as his wide reputation as a conservative and successful contracting engineer having prompted Blair Drew to let him in on this project of his that had already yielded enviable returns.

At a dinner party at the Drews toward the middle of November somebody said something about Thanksgiving, and Henry Lane admitted that he had made no plans for the day's entertainment.

"Thanksgiving is different from other holidays," Lane was saying. "Somehow your New York idea of taking dinner in a hotel and going to a show doesn't appeal to me. If I had any kinfolk this side of the Rockies I'd spend it in the good-old-fashioned way."

Mrs. Blair Drew smiled at her husband and Blair smiled back knowingly at her.

"Go ahead and ask him," prompted Blair.

Do you really suppose he means that kind of a family party?" asked Mrs. Drew. "He might be bored to death. You see," she said, turning to their bachelor guest, "we always go up to Farnham for Thanksgiving. It's a sort of a joke in the family. Talk about regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving celebration—And Mrs. Drew trailed off in a contagious little laugh.

"I've a cousin—Cousin Martha—up in Farnham. Nice old maid school teacher, she is. Lives off there on the old homestead where we boys used to spend our vacations, where her father and my father were raised. For five years, ever since we've been married, we have gone up there for Thanksgiving. Cousin Martha expects us. It's the one bright spot in the whole year for her."

Here Mrs. Gregory interrupted Mrs. Gregory was Blair Drew's married sister, who was one of the guests with her debutante daughter, who had been included among the guests as a partner for Henry Lane. "Oh, Blair," Mrs. Gregory's treble was almost a shriek. "You don't mean you are suggesting to take Mr. Lane off to Farnham? We can stand it. It's like taking bitter medicine—you dread it, but always feel better for doing it. But please, Blair, don't ruin Mr. Lane's holiday." She looked across the table to Henry Lane.

"Really, you've no idea what a dreary place Farnham is, and Cousin Martha—well, I suppose there is some such eccentric character in every family. Kind hearted and all that, not really queer, but just content to live off there teaching school. And bless her heart, how she does look forward to our reunion."

Henry Lane had listened with obvious interest. "From what you say, I rather like Cousin Martha. But wouldn't she be embarrassed by an extra guest?"

"Bless you, no," assured Blair Drew. "About ten of us go as it is; one more or less wouldn't phase Cousin Martha."

"Of course, we couldn't stand it," explained Mrs. Drew. "If we didn't have a crowd, it's so hopelessly dull. We always take a phonograph in the car—motor up the day before—and kill time by dancing while Martha does the cooking."

"Does she do all the cooking herself?" asked Henry Lane, with characteristic abruptness.

"Of course," assured Mrs. Gregory. "That's the kind of person she is—crazy about cooking and fussing around a kitchen. A real good cook, if you like that sort of plain, old-fashioned cooking."

"I do," said Mr. Lane, which was hardly tactful, when Mrs. Drew's dinner that night was of the most modern and eccentric description. So it was agreed that Henry Lane should go to Farnham, and many were the questions he asked his partner concerning this country cousin of his and the old homestead at Farnham.

Monday morning before Thanksgiving Henry Lane did not appear at the office. He had left a note for his partner, saying that as there was little pressing business that week he had decided to loaf in the country. "I'll be with you at Farnham for Thanksgiving," he said by way of closing his note.

The truth was that Henry Lane had motored to Farnham on Sunday and Monday morning he was seen in that sleepy, old-fashioned community, dressed in clothes that did not distinguish him from any country loafer. He found an excuse to visit the little schoolhouse where Martha Drew taught and pretending to be an old friend of her family's found an excuse to walk home with her. Martha asked him to stay for her frugal supper.

Martha was a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman nearing forty, but then Henry Lane was forty-five. Disarmed by his unassuming manners, she confessed to being downright tired out. "I'd like to take a good rest over the holidays," she said, "same as you seem to be doing; but my city relatives always come on then, and there's all the rooms to get ready for them to spend the night, fires to make and no end of cooking." Then she had complained so much.

The next day Henry Lane managed to work into the good graces of a neighbor of Martha's. He asked this old lady something about "those well city folks Miss Martha expects for Thanksgiving."

The neighbor sniffed indignantly. "It's a pesky shame," she said. "They come down here and live off her for two days, bring their convinced sincerely that your mother will be happier without me. We can't get on. You'll all be better off. I've left instructions about money. You shall go to college, and Alice, too, without the least thought of difference."

Junior looked up a flush warming his face.

"I shan't go on with college," he said, swallowing.

"And why not?"

"I want to—earn my living," answered the boy with a glance of defiance.

"I see," Barret slowly nodded. "Don't want any more support from me, eh? Well, lad, it hurts. But life often hurts. One has to go on just the same."

"I can—go on." Again the boy was troubled. "But mother. It's awful. And Alice. Alice—she's—just desperate."

The first look of real alarm Barret had shown leaped into his face. He strode over to his son, grasped his arm.

"What about Alice? What do you mean desperate?"

"I don't know. But she says things—silly things—but somehow she seems to mean them. She threatens."

(To Be Continued)
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Cranberry Conserve

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
Of Columbia University.

4 cups cranberries.
1 cup water (boiling).
1 cup seeded raisins.
1-2 cups English walnut meats (cut in small pieces).
2 cups sugar.
2 small oranges.

Pick over and wash berries. Place over the fire with one cup cold water and bring to boiling point; when skins of the berries break remove from fire and rub through a sieve. Add boiling water, raisins, nuts and oranges thinly sliced, with seeds removed, and sugar. Simmer 30 minutes.

This will keep well and is a very good conserve to serve with cold meat, especially with chicken or turkey.

friends with them and a music box and dance all morning when they ought to be at church. Like as not they laugh at her behind her back. And what do they do for her? Not one of them has ever asked Martha to visit them in the city. They're too stuck up. And what do they give her? Every Christmas they send a box of old clothes. If I was Martha I'd slam the door in their faces—and she so worn out with teaching."

Tuesday and Wednesday Henry Lane courted Martha Drew with amazing rapidity. He must have because Wednesday night the Blair Drews and the Gregorys just before starting out, received a telegram from Lane. "Don't come. Accept my invitation for self and friends for dinner at my hotel. Martha needs a rest."

Somehow it was so, like Henry Lane to send that sort of message that no one was much annoyed by it. The surprise came however, when they met Henry Lane in his hotel apartment with Martha Drew standing by his side.

"Martha and I were married on the way down last night. We've ordered dinner for the crowd in a private dining room. The cooking won't be up to Martha's—but it will be easier for Martha this way."

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BAXTER

To Entertain.

Mrs. Davis Evans will be hostess Friday evening to the members of the Billy Kerr Bible Class at her home at Grant Town. The members are being urged to attend this meeting.

Thanksgiving Program.

A special program to be given at the local church in observance of Thanksgiving, is in the process of preparation at the present time. The entertainment will be held on Wednesday evening.

Attend Play.

A number of people from here attended the play given at the Riverside High School Friday night. Among those who attended from Baxter were Lella Robey, Wilda Matheny, Jimmy Levell, Nola Michael and Pearl Jones.

Class Entertains.

The second year Spahla class of the Riverside High School entertained the first year class at the school last Wednesday evening. Among those who attended from Baxter were Mildred Davis, Lella Robey, Wilda Matheny, Grace Morris, Ruth Floyd, Evelyn Smith, Corinne Clayton, Genevieve Burg and Corinne Toothman.

Personals.

The Misses Hazel and Ethel Wilson visited at Henshaw over the week-end.

The W. W. T. L. Bible Class met at the home of Mrs. John Wright Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Nettie Wilson was a business visitor in Fairmont Friday.

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN
HAVE APPENDICITIS

Medical reports shown men are more subject to appendicitis although many sudden cases occur among women. It can be guarded against by preventing intestinal infection. The intestinal antiseptic, Adler-Ika, acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels, removing all foul, decaying matter which might cause infection. It brings out matter you never thought was in your system and which may have been poisoning you for months. Adler-Ika is EXCELLENT for gas on the stomach.

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Thanksgiving
Sale

THE final three days—tomorrow, Tuesday and Wednesday—of the Annual Thanksgiving Sale will be attractive to scores and scores of Fairmont women who always complete their Winter wearing apparel purchasing at this time. Store-wide offerings of regular Osgood's stock at substantial reductions invite immediate consideration.

Exceptional Buying Opportunities
Today, Tuesday and Wednesday
at Osgood's on Main Street

Dresses at 1-5 Off

OUR entire stock with but few exceptions await your choosing. There are innumerable modes for every need and taste and a truly remarkable range of prices. ALL OF WHICH ARE SUBJECT TO ONE-FIFTH REDUCTION DURING THIS SALE. Dresses regularly \$15.95 to \$110.00 are on sale at \$12.75 to \$88.00.

Wraps at 1-5 Off

A Wonderful collection of the handsomest dressy wraps in America as well as a complete array of utility Coats in medium and full lengths. Quality of the customary Osgood's high standard. Original prices from \$15.00 to \$200.00 REDUCED ONE-FIFTH OR NOW \$12.00 to \$160.00

Suits at 1-5 Off

CHOOSE any Suit in the store at One-Fifth Reduction. There are several unusually smart costume models available at this moment—Suits of finest grade materials bedecked with luxurious fur. Regular prices \$25.00 to \$150.00. REDUCED TO \$20.00 to \$120.00.

Unusual Prompt
Alteration Service

In order that our patrons may have their purchases for Thanksgiving we have augmented our alteration department. Whatever changes and fitting may be required will be made up to the last minute of Wednesday evening.

Osgood's
for
QualityCharge Account
Special Feature

If you have an Osgood's charge account you will not be called upon to pay for purchases in the Annual Thanksgiving Sale until after the holiday season has passed. Your sale purchases will appear on January 1st statement instead of December 1st statement.

DEEP WATERS

By ZOE BECKLEY.

Another Angle to Triangle

Barrett was packing his bag in his room at the Yale Club. His announcement over the telephone that he was leaving New York, probably America, would be all the farewell he would make. It was better so, he told himself. The children were definitely for their mother. It would give them only pain to see him again. Better go, leaving as little sadness behind as possible.

But his telephone announced that his son was waiting downstairs to see him. Barrett started. How hard it was to get off cleanly and quickly. Responses—Myra's "responsibilities"—rang again in his ears. He was about to put his half-packed grip out of sight, but with a grim setting of the will, he desisted. A knock and Junior entered.

The boy was at that moment very like his father, with his lean face pale and his jaw set. The two stood looking at each other. The boy's eyes dropped.

"—or—Dad, I don't know what to say, but—" He came to a dead stop.

Barrett was glad the boy's eyes were not upon him. His own were hungrily bent on the slim, athletic youth.

There's very little to say John? Barrett's voice was gentle. "I am

convinced sincerely that your mother will be happier without me. We can't get on. You'll all be better off. I've left instructions about money. You shall go to college, and Alice, too, without the least thought of difference."

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

The Fairies Trade Off

Buskins, the apple-tree fairy was waiting patiently. He was waiting for the smoked glasses the Green Wizard had promised to send him. The sun hurt his eyes when he ran his tiny little elevator to the sky, so that's why he wanted the glasses.

Bye 'n' bye Nancy and Nick came along and handed him a package with the Green Wizard's compliments.

"Oh, thank you!" said Buskins gratefully, pulling off the string and tearing away the paper. "I'm just on my way up to the sixteenth floor of the sky to hunt for Widow O'Reilly's pig that blew away in the last tornado and hasn't been seen since. Now I can look for him without hurting my eyes."

Buskins worked the handle and the apple-tree elevator began to move. "Please tell the Green Wizard that I'm ever and ever and ever so much obliged," he said again, then away he went up and up and up—and bye and bye he

got very close to the sun. Then he took the glasses out of the box and hooked them behind his ears.

Suddenly he gave a yell and clapped his hands over his eyes. "Oh, my!" he cried. "What's wrong. I'm going blind!"

And he got so dizzy he fell out of his elevator all the way down to the ground.

"Ouch!" went something—or someone under him. Buskins jumped up. "Excuse me," he said. "Did I hurt you?"

"My fault! My fault, sir!" answered Tingaling (for it was he). "I've got a pair of queer glasses that I can't see a thing through, and I don't know what I'm doing. I ordered extra-seeing glasses and got these foggy ones by mistake. 'Goodness!' cried Tingaling. 'I guess I have yours and you've got mine. I ordered smoked ones and got these instead.' So they traded and everybody was happy."

(To Be Continued)

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



A Day at Home

BY ALLMAN